

THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

BEREA, - - - KENTUCKY.

Col. David B. Henderson, speaker of the federal house of representatives, is spending the summer with Mrs. Henderson in the Adirondacks. Later he will leave for Paris to visit the exposition.

It is something of a mistake to suppose that women in China have no rights that a man is not bound to respect. The idea that she is of no importance is altogether incorrect. In her home, as a wife, she exercises an authority that would make a denizen of the western world gap with wonder.

It is suggested that it will be profitable to try the experiment of using gas engines for driving ships, the gas being generated on the vessel itself. Coal will be roasted in retorts aboard the ship in order to drive off the gas for the engines. The coke thus produced would furnish the fuel needed to roast the coal.

The roses in the famous wooded island at the World's fair grounds in Chicago are said to be just as fine now as they were during the fair. Planted in 1892, the year before the fair, they are still wonderfully beautiful. They form one of the memories of the fair that will linger long in the minds of those who saw them.

It is always difficult to secure a quorum in the New York city council. At a recent meeting the necessary number of members failed to attend, and the president was about to send the sergeant-at-arms after some absentees, when it was learned that the officer named was himself absent, and that he had not attended a meeting for months.

Two thousand Chicago saloons will go out of business on October 1. Computations made justify the assertion, which means that the revenue of the city will fall off \$1,000,000 from that source alone. It is said that the rise in the price of beer is the principal reason for the falling off. At present there are 5,700 saloons in Chicago, which is 1,300 less than five years ago.

M. P. Castle, of London, has sold his collection of European postage stamps for \$150,000, which is believed to be the biggest price ever paid. Now that the Orange Free State has been taken off the map as an independent republic, collectors are paying as much as \$25 for a single stamp of that government, and the price is rising. A full set of Transvaal stamps would now cost about \$5,000.

Miss French ("Octave Thanet") possesses a novel accomplishment, rare among writers. She has remarkable ability as a mimic and is able to carry on impromptu a conversation between two or more imaginary persons, modifying her voice to represent different characters. Indeed, the dramatic element is so strongly developed in Miss French that had she not found success with the pen she would have won fame as a comedienne.

Although Mary is believed to be the commonest of the names of women, the wife of only one president was so named—Mary Todd Lincoln. There were two Marthas (both from Virginia), Martha Washington and Martha Jefferson; two Abigails, the wives of Presidents Fillmore and John Adams, and two Elizabs, Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Johnson. Of the two wives of the other presidents no two had the same Christian names.

Among the missionaries in China of whom news is anxiously awaited there are no less than eighteen graduates and former students of the University of Michigan, thirteen women and five men. Of these five are, or were, if they have not been killed, in Peking, including Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. King, both instructors in the University of Peking and classmates at Ann Arbor. Most of the graduates are medical missionaries.

Queen Victoria has at her disposal when she wishes to take a ride innumerable carriages. Of these the coronation coach is first. This carriage is unknown to the present generation, as it has never left the royal mews at Buckingham palace since 1861. It is lovely, but cumbersome, was designed by George III., and every portion is richly decorated and gilded. Outside its panels are pictures painted by noted artists.

A good example of the way the Boer war has divided South African families is found in that of which Montagu White, the Boer envoy to this country, is a member. He is known for his loyalty to the Boer cause. His brother is a lieutenant in the Strathcona horse. He served in the Natal mounted police in the last Zulu war and then became a member of the Canadian mounted police, in which he was at the outbreak of the present war.

No nation on the face of the earth compares with the United States as a fruit-eating country. Not only does this country consume enormous amounts of fresh fruits in the shape of apples, pears, peaches and small fruits, like berries, but the amount preserved by various processes is far in excess of the amount used in European countries. Other nations are now giving the matter the attention it deserves. Especially is this so in Germany, where the question has been investigated for the German Agricultural society.

DON'T LET THE SONG GO.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though it chance sometimes to flow In a minor strain, it will blend again With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies, And hide for a time the sun; They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift, If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though your voice may have lost its thrill, Though the tremulous note should die in the throat, Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain, And never a cup of rue So bitter to sup but what in the cup Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Ah! it never would need to go, If with thought more true and a broader view, We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we moan that life's spring-time has flown, Or sigh for the fair summer time? The autumn hath days filled with peacocks of praise, And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Let it ring in the soul while here, And when you go hence, it shall follow you thence, And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond, Sweet songs of your life have flown, For if ever you knew a song that was true, Its music is still your own.

—Kate R. Stiles, in Boston Transcript.

THE STURGIS WAGER

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"I beg to suggest," remarked Dunlap, "that the shots heard by the policeman and his prisoner were not fired from the inside of the bank."

"That appears quite likely," admitted Murdock; "but they must at any rate have been fired in close proximity to the bank, since the witnesses agree that they appeared to come from inside. In that case, whence were they fired? By whom? And why? On the whole, my little puzzle does not seem to me so ill chosen. What is your own opinion, Mr. Sturgis?"

"I quite agree with you that the problem is probably not so simple as it seemed at first blush to Sprague."

"Very well. Then doubtless you are willing to undertake the task of supplying whatever data may be required to complete the chain of evidence against Quinlan?"

"By no means," replied Sturgis, decidedly.

"Indeed? Ah! well, of course, if Mr. Sturgis wishes to withdraw his bet—" "I do not wish to withdraw my bet," said Sturgis; "I will agree to solve your problem within 30 days or to forfeit my stakes; but I cannot undertake to prove the truth or falsity of any a priori theory. I have no personal knowledge of the matter as yet, and therefore no theory."

"Quite so," observed Murdock, ironically. "I had forgotten your scientific methods. Of course, it may turn out that it was the policeman who stole the satchel from Shorty Duff."

"Perhaps," answered Sturgis, imperceptibly.

Murdock smiled. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "I accept Mr. Sturgis' conditions. If you are willing," he continued, turning to the reporter, "our host will hold the stakes and decide the wager."

"I, for one, agree with Sprague," said Dr. Thurston. "I am disappointed in the problem. I have seen Sturgis unravel some extremely puzzling tangles in my day; and each case would not be hard to find. Why, no longer ago than this evening, on our way here, we stumbled upon a most peculiar case—oh—oh!—er—please pass the cognac, Sprague. I wish I had some like it in my cellar; it is worth its weight in gold."

Dr. Thurston had met Sturgis' steady gaze and had understood that, for some reason or other, the reporter did not wish him to relate their adventure of the afternoon.

Only one person appeared to notice the abrupt termination of his story. This was Murdock, who had looked up at the speaker with mild curiosity, and who had also intercepted the reporter's warning glance at his friend. He observed Dr. Thurston narrowly for a full minute, appeared to enjoy his clumsy effort to cover his retreat, and then quietly sipped his coffee.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BANK PRESIDENT.

Sprague's dinner party was over, and among the first to take their leave, shortly after midnight, were Dunlap, Sturgis and Dr. Thurston.

The reporter did not often spend an evening in worldly dissipation. He was a man of action, a hard worker and an enthusiastic student. Almost all of the time which was not actually spent in the pursuit of his profession, was devoted to study in many widely different fields of art and science. For Sturgis' ideal of his profession was high; he held that almost every form of knowledge was essential to success in his line of work. It was seldom, therefore, that he allowed himself to spend a precious evening in social intercourse, unless as a more or less direct means to some end. He had made an exception in favor of Sprague's dinner, and his meeting with Dunlap, whom he had not previously known, had been entirely accidental.

Dunlap was, however, a man whom Sturgis needed to see in the course of his study of the Knickerbocker bank mystery, and he had not lost the opportunity which chance had placed in his way. After obtaining an

introduction to the bank president, the reporter had sought an occasion to speak with him in private; and, as this did not present itself during the course of the evening, he had timed his departure so that it should coincide with that of Dunlap. Dr. Thurston had followed his friend's lead.

"Are you going down to the bank this evening, Mr. Dunlap?" asked Sturgis, as the trio faced the bleak wind.

"I? No. Why should I?" inquired the banker, in apparent surprise.

"I see no particular reason why you should," replied the reporter. "If to-day were a banking day, there would be no time to lose. But since it is New Year's day, there is little, if any, chance of the trail being disturbed; and it will be much easier to find it in broad daylight than by gaslight. Our friends of the central office are usually pretty clever in discovering at least the more evident clues in a case of this sort, even when they have not the ability to correctly interpret them. And since they have completely failed in their search to-night, we must anticipate a more than ordinarily difficult puzzle."

"Why, Mr. Sturgis," said Dunlap, somewhat anxiously. "You talk as though you really believed that some mysterious crime has been committed at the bank."

"I do not know enough about the case as yet to advance any positive belief in the matter," said Sturgis; "but if we assume as correct the circumstances related in the article which Dr. Murdock read to us this evening, they certainly present an extraordinary aspect."

Dunlap reflected for an instant. "Still, the fact that our cashier found everything in good order at the bank is in itself completely reassuring," he said, musingly.

"Very likely," assented Sturgis. "It is quite possible that from a banker's point of view the problem is wholly devoid of interest; but from a detective's standpoint it appears to be full of promising features. Therefore, whether or not you intend to look farther into the matter yourself, I beg you will at least authorize me to make a survey of the field by daylight in the morning."

Dunlap looked anything but pleased as the reporter spoke these words. He thought before replying.

"Frankly, Mr. Sturgis," he said, at length, with studied courtesy, "I will not conceal the fact that what you ask places me in a rather awkward position. You are a friend of my friend Sprague, and my personal intercourse with you this evening has been pleasant enough to make me hope that, in the future, I may be so fortunate as to include you in my own circle of acquaintances. Therefore, on personal grounds, it would give me great pleasure to grant your request. But, on the other hand, you are a journalist and I am a banker; and it is with banks as with nations—happy that which has no history. Capital is proverbially timid, you know."

"I see," said Sturgis; "you fear that the reputation of the Knickerbocker bank may suffer if the mystery of the pistol shots is solved."

"No, no, my dear sir; not at all, not at all. You quite misunderstand me," replied the banker, with just a shade of warmth. "It is not a question of the bank's credit exactly, since there has been neither robbery nor defalcation; but depositors do not like to see the name of their bank mentioned in the newspapers; they take fright at once. Depositors are most unreasonable beings, Mr. Sturgis; they are liable to become panicky on the most insignificant provocation; and then they run amuck like mad sheep. The Knickerbocker bank does not fear any run that might ever be made upon it. Its credit stands on too secure a foundation for that. But nevertheless a run on a bank is expensive, Mr. Sturgis, very expensive."

"The bank's affairs being in so satisfactory a condition," observed the reporter, "it seems to me that whatever harm publicity is likely to do has already been done. The imaginations of your depositors are now at work sapping the foundation of the Knickerbocker bank. If the truth cannot injure its credit, it can only strengthen it; and to withhold the truth under the circumstances is to invite suspicion."

Dunlap did not appear to like the turn the conversation was taking. He walked along in silence for a few minutes, irresolute. At length he seemed to make up his mind.

"Perhaps you are right after all, Mr. Sturgis. At any rate we have nothing to conceal from the public. If you will be at the bank to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, I shall be pleased to meet you there."

Sturgis nodded his acquiescence.

"Well, gentlemen, here is my street," continued the banker. "Good evening, good evening."

And he was off.

"Whither" are you bound now, Thurston?" asked the reporter, as the friends resumed their walk.

"Home and to bed like a sensible fellow," replied the physician.

"Don't you do anything of the sort. Come along with me to my rooms. I must arrange the data so far collected in the two interesting cases that I have taken up to-day; and in the cab mystery, at least, you can probably be of assistance to me, if you will."

"Very well, old man; lead on. I am curious to know what theories you have adopted in these two cases."

"Theories!" replied Sturgis; "I never adopt theories. I simply ascertain facts and arrange them in their proper sequence, as far as possible. When this arrangement successfully ac-

complished, the history of the crime is practically completed. Detection of crime is an exact science. Here, as in all other sciences, the imagination has an important part to play, but that part consists in coordinating and interpreting facts. The solid foundation of facts must invariably come first."

CHAPTER V.

A FOUNDATION OF FACTS.

When the two men were comfortably settled in the reporter's study, Sturgis produced pipes, tobacco and writing materials.

"There, now," said he, as he prepared to write, "I begin with what I shall call the Cab Mystery. The data in this case are already plentiful and curious. I shall read as I write, and you can interrupt for suggestions and criticisms, as the points occur to you. In the first place, the dead man is about fifty years old, and was employed in some commercial house or financial institution, probably bookkeeper, at a fairly good salary."

"Hold on there, Sturgis," laughed Thurston. "I thought you were going to build up a solid foundation of facts before you allowed your imagination to run riot!"

"Well?" inquired the reporter, in apparent surprise.

"Well, the only fact you have mentioned is the approximate age of the dead man. The rest is pure assumption. How can you know anything certain about his occupation and the amount of his salary?"

"True; I forgot you had not followed the steps in the process of induction. Here they are: the dead man's sleeves, on the under side below the elbow, were worn shiny. This shows that his occupation is at a desk of some kind."

"Or behind a counter," suggested Thurston quizzically.

"No. Your hypothesis is untenable. A clerk behind a counter occasionally, it is true, leans upon his forearms. But incessant contact with the counter leaves across the front of his trousers an unmistakable line of wear, at a level varying according to the height of the individual. This line was not present in the case of the man in the cab. On the other hand, his waistcoat is frayed at the level of the fourth button from the top. Therefore I maintain that he was in the habit of working at a desk. Now the trousers, although not new, are not baggy at the



knees, though free from the seams which would suggest the effect of pressing or of a trouser stretcher. Conclusion, the desk is a high one; for the man stood at his work. Most men who work standing at high desks are bookkeepers of one kind or another. Therefore, as I said before, this man was probably a bookkeeper. Now, as to his salary; I do not pretend to know the exact amount of it, of course. But when a man, who was evidently not a dude, has his clothes made to order, of imported material, and when his linen, his hat and his shoes are of good quality, it is fair to infer that the man's income was comfortable.

"I proceed with the arrangement of my data: 'Secondly: the man in the cab died of a wound caused by a bullet fired at very close quarters. Indeed, the weapon must have been held either against the victim's body, or, at any rate, very near to it; for the coat is badly burned by the powder.'"

"On these points at least," assented Dr. Thurston, "I can agree with you. The bullet probably penetrated the upper lobe of the left lung."

"Yes," added Sturgis, "and it passed out at the back, far below where it went in."

"What makes you think it passed out? The wound in the back may have been caused by another bullet fired from the rear."

"That hypothesis might be tenable were it not for this."

With these words the reporter pulled out his watch, opened the case, and with the blade of a penknife took from the surface of the crystal a minute object, which he handed to the physician.

"Look at it," said he, pushing over a magnifying glass.

Dr. Thurston examined the object carefully.

"A splinter of bone," he said, at last.

"Yes. I found it on the surface of the wound in the back. How did it get there?"

"You are right," admitted the physician; "it must have come from within, chipped from a rib and carried out by the bullet which entered from the front."

"I think there can be no doubt as to that. Now, the bullet does not seem to have been deflected in its course by its contact with the rib, for, as far as I have been able to judge by probing the two wounds with my pencil, their direction is the same. This is important and brings me to point three, which is illustrated by these diagrams. I took this afternoon."

As he said these words, the reporter handed to his friend a sheet of paper upon which he had drawn some geometrical figures.

"The first of these diagrams shows the angle which the course of the bullet made with a horizontal plane; the second represents the inclination from right to left. The former of these angles is nearly and the latter not far from forty-five degrees. The inclination from right to left shows that the shot was fired from the right side of the dead man. Now then, one of two things: Either it was fired by the man himself, the weapon being held in his right hand; or else it was fired by an assassin who stood close to the victim's right side. The first of these hypotheses, considered by itself, is admissible; but it involves the assumption of an extremely awkward and unusual position of the suicide's hand while firing. On the other hand, the dead man is tall—six feet one inch—and to fire down, at an angle of sixty degrees, upon a man of his height, his assailant would have to be a colossus, or else to stand upon a chair or in some equally elevated position, unless the victim happened to be seated when the shot was fired."

"Happened to be seated?" exclaimed Thurston, astounded, "why, of course he was seated, since he was in the cab."

"That brings up point four, which is not the least puzzling of this interesting case," said Sturgis, impressively; "the shooting was not done in the cab."

"Not done in the cab!"

"No; otherwise the bullet would have remained in the cushions; and it was not there."

"It might have fallen out into the street at the time of the collision," suggested Thurston.

"No; I searched every inch of space in which it might have fallen. If it had been there I should have found it, for the spot was brilliantly lighted by an electric light, as you remember."

"The physician pondered in silence for a few minutes."

"With all due respect for the accuracy of your observations, and for the rigorous logic of your inductions, Sturgis," he asserted at last with decision, "I am positive that the man died seated, for his limbs stiffened in that position."

"Yes," asserted Sturgis, "and for that matter, I grant you that he breathed his last in the cab; for in his death struggles he clutched in his left hand the cushion of the cab window, a piece of which remained in his dying grasp. I merely said that he was not shot in the cab."

"Then how did he get there?" asked the physician.

"Your question is premature, my dear fellow," replied Sturgis, smiling; "it must remain unanswered for the present. All we have established as yet is that he did get there. And that being the case, he must have been assisted; for, wounded as he was, he could not, I take it, have climbed into the cab by himself."

"Certainly not," agreed Thurston.

(To Be Continued.)

BORN IN "NO MAN'S LAND."

A Man Without a Country Makes an Informal Call on the Senate in Washington.

The doorkeepers of the United States senate come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. When the senate is in session, says a local exchange, there is an incessant demand by constituents to have their cards sent in. A strange looking individual who had been watching and listening in the east corridor said to a doorkeeper one day, lately:

"I'd like to have you send in my card."

"Which senator do you wish to see?"

"I don't care."

"But you must send it to a particular senator, you know. Which is your state?"

"Got none."

"Which territory?"

"No territory."

"Where were you born?"

"In No Man's Land, before the strip was ceded to the government by Texas. It's now a county in Oklahoma. And I thought as I had no country, I'd come to Washington. You can keep the card and hand it to the first senator you catch. I think most any of 'em would like to meet a man like me."

Gethsemane.

The Garden of Gethsemane, which was so closely interwoven with the closing scenes in the life of Christ, is now a desolate spot, containing a few old and shattered olive trees, the trunks of which are supported by stones, though some of the branches are flourishing. It is a small square inclosure of about 200 feet, surrounded by a high wall, a little way out of Jerusalem, below St. Stephen's gate, and near the foot of the Mount of Olives. Biblical reference to it is made in Matt. 26:30-56; Mark 14:26-52; Luke 22:39-53, and John 18:1-14. The garden is the property of the Latin Christians, the Greek church having fixed upon another locality as the true site of Gethsemane.

Two Classes.

"She's a saleslady, isn't she?"

"Oh no, indeed."

"Why, she certainly works in Joblot's store."

"Exactly; she works there, and that makes her a saleswoman. Salesladies don't work; they simply look pretty and in the opposite direction when you wish to be served."—Philadelphia Press.

A Genuine Orgy.

"What is your idea of a womanly woman?"

"Well, a womanly woman is one who likes to tie up her head in an old towel and clean house."—Chicago Record.

IT'S ALL IN A NAME.

One Reason Why the Conservative Negro Whitewasher Lost His Occupation.

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. Everything, may be answered, and no one has made the answer more plain to the ordinary mortal than Booker T. Washington, the noted colored orator, says the Chicago Times-Herald. While lecturing in Omaha last winter he paused in the midst of his remarks and asked:

"How many negro boys in Omaha are learning a mechanical trade?"

And from the vast audience came the reply:

"Not one."

Then Mr. Washington proceeded to tell the negro boys what they should do. The old colored man with his brush and pail of whitewash once made a good living. But he was a whitewasher. The first thing he knew a white man came along with an assortment of brushes and several colors of wash under fancy names. The white man called himself an "interior decorator," and the old colored man's job was gone forever.

"You negro boys," continued Mr. Washington, "must become interior decorators, for the whitewashing job is done."

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache or a cough, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

She'd Do It.

Crash! There came the sound of falling dishes from the kitchen. The cook appeared at the dining-room door.

"Plaze, mum," she said, "the whole av your besht dinner set is broken fwhole Oi wuz washin' it!"

The housewife wept.

"Eggs!" said her husband, "if the powers could only get that girl, the job of breaking up China would soon be finished."—N. Y. World.

I do not believe Pils' Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

A prior match is often the result, rather than the precursor, of a steady flame.—Indianapolis News.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff. Sold by all druggists.

Some men are so stingy they refuse to smile except at the expense of others.—Chicago Daily News.

Write Dr. C. J. Moffett, St. Louis, Mo., for his valuable little Teethina Wash-List Book, free.

The hen is a liberal fowl; she gives a peck when she takes a grain.—Chicago Daily News.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

Give a pig plenty of milk and it will make a hog of itself.—Chicago Daily News.

OVARIAN TROUBLES.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Them.—Two Letters from Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained me and was so swollen and sore that I could not walk. The doctor told my husband I would have to undergo an operation. This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the swelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to see me so much better."—MRS. MARY SMITH, Arlington, Iowa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick for two years with falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bloated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not straighten up or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. I took six bottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am a well woman."—MRS. ELISE BRYAN, Otisville, Mich.



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Free Dessert.

All grocers in town are giving free a package of Burnham's Cream Custard, which makes two quarts of Ice Cream or ten cups of Custard, no cooking or baking; with the purchase of a package of Burnham's Heavy Jellycon

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for August 5, 1900—Jesus and the Children.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.]
THE LESSON TEXT.
(Matthew 18:1-14)

- At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven?
- And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them.
- And said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.
- Whoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.
- And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me.
- But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.
- Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!
- Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire.
- And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire.
- Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father, which is in Heaven.
- For the Son of Man is come to save that which is lost.
- How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?
- And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.
- Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

GOLDEN TEXT—Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—Mark 10:14.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Strange as it may appear to us, the transfiguration scene and the healing of the demoniac boy was followed by a more or less friendly wrangle concerning who should be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven. Still, considering the materialistic views of the disciples of the kingdom Christ was to found, it is not so very strange. They had yet to learn that greatness in the heavenly kingdom depended upon things other than those that often make for prominence of position in earthly relations.

An Object Lesson.—It was to teach His disciples some of the qualities of superior Christian character that He places a child in their midst. "Except," He says, "ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven," and the emphasis is put upon the humility of the child nature. "Whoever therefore humbleth himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven." Emphasis is upon the "humility." To many a mind humility has been given a false meaning. Dickens' "Humble Uriah Heep" is but a parody on humility, not the genuine article. Webster defines "humble" as being "near the ground; not proud or assuming." The trouble is that the word has been commonly confounded with some of the synonyms of the word. To abuse, lower, humiliate, mortify, degrade, are given as synonyms. But we remember that no two English words mean exactly the same thing. So humility is not abasement or self-lowering, but putting oneself in his right relation, not thinking more highly of himself than he ought to think. It is preeminently a Christian virtue and should be studiously cultivated.

Stumbling Stones.—This thought gives rise to another in the mind of Jesus. The child can easily be turned toward the right or the wrong, therefore, "whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Then Jesus goes on to say that offenses must needs come to every life, young or old. The heart carries in itself the seeds of temptation and sin, but "woe to that man by whom the offense cometh," or to that man who makes it easier for another to yield to temptation or commit sin.

Drastic Measures Suggested.—Returning to the thought of disciplining oneself Jesus says: "Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee (or are a means of sin and temptation), cut them off. . . . It is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire." It is an illustration of the principle He had just enunciated, and the further thought that absolute sacrifice of self may become necessary to the inheritance of eternal life.

Parable of the Lost Sheep.—This parable becomes the point of the lesson. Earlier Christ has said: "Cultivate the spirit of humility." Then follows the injunction to help others, especially the little children who are easily led, to enter the right way. Now He says, in effect: Strive to do in your sphere of influence what I am doing, "for the Son of Man is come to save that which is lost."

Make Them Into Character.

Only those truths which have become ourselves become spontaneous and involuntary, instinctive and unconscious, are really our life; that is to say, something more than our property.—Amiel's Journal.

God's Will.

God of joy and grief, do with me what Thou wilt; grief is good and joy is good also. Thou art leading me now through joy. I take it from Thy hands, and I give Thee thanks for it.—Amiel.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

An Enumerator Meets with One Woman Who Didn't Withhold Any of the Details.

"Oh, yes, I know you are the census man. Warm day, take a seat. I've gotten all the facts for you. My husband, John Moore, is 10; I am 32; we have seven children; they are all well now."

"But," put in the census man, relates the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"Yes, yes; you needn't ask me any questions. I'm telling you fast as I can. Tommy, our oldest boy, had the measles when he was three. He first began to walk when he was ten months old and the day after he was ten months old he could walk clear around the room without holding on to anything. He fell down the stairs when he was four years three months and thirteen days old, but it didn't hurt him any, and he liked ice cream from the first time he ever tasted it. I can't get him to eat gravy, but he had his first piece of steak when he was 13 months old. Johnnie, the next to the oldest—

"Madam, stop, stop," cried the enumerator, "answer my questions. I don't want to know any more about your children."

And then the woman got angry and the census taker also lost his temper and left.

Millions for Baseball.

A million of dollars are spent every year upon the game of baseball, but as large as this sum is, it cannot begin to equal the amount spent by people in search of health. There is a sure method of obtaining strength, and it is not a costly one. We urge those who have spent much and lost hope to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It strengthens the stomach, makes digestion easy and natural, and cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and weak kidneys.

Pretense as to Contents.

"Judge," said Mr. Zeke Darkleigh, "I want to buy dishyere Gabe Snowflake arrested. He done sot me er kag er beer, en day ain't nuffin in the kag but rain-water."

"All right," replied the judge, "you want to swear out a warrant charging him with obtaining money under false pretenses."

"No, suh. I want dat niggah sent up fo' 'tain't money under false pretenses. Dat's what, judge."—Baltimore American.

Better Than a Doctor.

Palmer's Lotion, if properly used, is often better than the prescriptions of a regular physician. Under date of July 2, 1900, Mr. Lester A. Fayett, 30 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "After being treated several days without benefit for sore eyes and eyelids by a regular M. D., I was relieved in two minutes by Palmer's Lotion, and now, at the end of four days, am a well man." Palmer's Lotion has also cured a number of cases of granulated eyelids which physicians had treated without success. Palmer's Lotion Soap should be kept in every household as it possesses the medicinal properties of the Lotion and is the only soap to be used in connection with it. If your druggist does not keep it, send his name to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl St., New York, and receive free pamphlet of testimonials with sample of Lotion or Soap.

"What kind of a house did you succeed in getting, Howard?" "Oh, it's the kind of a house which has windows that won't stay open and doors that won't stay shut."—Indianapolis Journal.

Marquette, on Lake Superior.

is one of the most charming summer resorts reached via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Its healthful location, beautiful scenery, good hotels and complete immunity from hay fever, make a summer outing at Marquette, Mich., very attractive from the standpoint of health, rest and comfort. For a copy of "The Lake Superior Country," containing a description of Marquette and the copper country, address, with four (4) cents in stamps to pay postage, Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

It is one of the mysteries that a man who has given his heart unreservedly to a woman, still has the heart to refuse her a new hat.—Detroit Journal.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever.

is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

"My wife," boasted the happy young sennet, "is an open book to me." "Mine, too," declared the old married man. "I can't shut her up."—Philadelphia Press.

All the Kentucky belles chew Kisme Gum. They like it.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, July 25.		
CATTLE—Common	3.25	@ 4.25
Select butchers	5.10	@ 5.15
CALVES—Extras	5.00	@ 7.00
HOGS—Select packers	5.35	@ 5.40
Mixed packers	5.30	@ 5.35
SHEEP—Choice	3.75	@ 4.10
LAMBS—Extra	5.90	@ 6.00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4.20	@ 4.80
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	—	@ 77
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	—	@ 43
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	—	@ 27
RYE—No. 2	—	@ 60
HAY—Choice timothy	—	@ 14.75
MESS PORK	—	@ 12.05
LARD—Steam	—	@ 6.65
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	—	@ 14
Choice creamery	—	@ 21
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	—	@ 2.75
POTATOES—Per bbl.	1.10	@ 1.25
TOBACCO—New	1.00	@ 17.25
Old	4.00	@ 14.75

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	3.90	@ 4.10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	—	@ 76 1/4
No. 3 spring.	69	@ 74
CORN—No. 2	—	@ 38 1/2
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 24 1/4
RYE	—	@ 52 1/2
PORK—Mess	11.10	@ 11.60
LARD—Steam	6.35	@ 6.67 1/2

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	3.90	@ 4.30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	—	@ 82 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	44 7/8	@ 45
OATS—No. 2	—	@ 27
RYE	—	@ 59 1/2
PORK—Mess	12.75	@ 13.50
LARD—Steam	7.05	@ 7.15

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.	69 1/2	@ 70
Southern	65	@ 74
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	41 1/2	@ 41 3/4
OATS—No. 2	27 1/2	@ 28 1/4
CATTLE—First qual.	5.10	@ 5.25
HOGS—Western	6.00	@ 6.10

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.	—	@ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	—	@ 42 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	—	@ 23 1/4

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	4.50	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	—	@ 73
CORN—Mixed	—	@ 44 1/4
OATS—Mixed	—	@ 27 1/2
PORK—Mess	—	@ 13.00
LARD—Steam	—	@ 7.00

University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Notre Dame University, one of the great educational institutions of the West, which appears in another column of this paper. Those of our readers who may have occasion to look up a college for their sons during the coming year would do well to correspond with the President, who will send them a catalogue free of charge, as well as all particulars regarding terms, courses of studies, etc.

There is a thorough preparatory school in connection with the University, in which students of all grades will have every opportunity of preparing themselves for higher studies. The Commercial Course intended for young men preparing for business, may be finished in one or two years, according to the ability of the student. Sir Edward's Hall, for boys under thirteen, is an unique department of the institution. The higher courses are thorough in every respect, and students will find every opportunity of perfecting themselves in any line of work they may choose to select. Thoroughness in class-work, exactness in the care of students, and devotion to the best interests of all, are the distinguishing characteristics of Notre Dame University.

Fifty-six years of active work in the cause of education have made this institution famous all over the country.

According to His Creed.

She—Do you believe that every man gets the wife that Heaven intended for him?
He—I dare not doubt it; otherwise my religious belief would be shattered.
What is your belief, pray?
I believe that men are punished in this world for their sins.—Chicago Evening News.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Smarting, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Explained.

Mrs. Yung Wife—You are sure there are five pounds of sugar in this package? It seems very light.
Grocer—That, madam, is because it is entirely free from sand.—Boston Transcript.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is surprising, sometimes, how a man that is 'way off gets on.—Indianapolis News.

Did You Ever Run Across

an old letter—ink all faded out? Couldn't have been Carter's ink for it doesn't fade.

Minds of steel are often narrowed down that they may have a cutting edge.—Ham's Horn.

Did You Ever Know

any one who smoked the same kind of Five Cent cigar any length of time? Five Cent cigar smokers are always dissatisfied—always trying something new—or something different, as there always seems to be something wrong about the cigars they have been smoking. Ask your dealer for Old Virginia Cheroots. They are always good. Three hundred million smoked this year. Price, 3 for 5 cents.

THE WONDERFUL DIVERSITY of NATURE on LONG ISLAND MAKES A TERRITORY IDEAL for the SUMMER SOJOURN.

GOOD AIR. GOOD WATER. GOOD ROADS.

TRENDS EAST AND WEST.

COOLED BY THE SUMMER SOUTHWINDS.

New York's Only Seacoast, 250 Miles on Ocean, Sound and Bay. Heavily Wooded Rolling Hills on the Sound Shore. Perfect Beaches, Surf and Meadows on the South Shore. Roadbed Cinder Ballasted and Oiled.

FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKS SEND STAMPS AS FOLLOWS:

Long Island, (Descriptive)	6c
Unique Long Island, (Photographic reproductions)	5c
Summer Homes, (Hotels and Boarding Houses)	4c
Cyclists' "Paradise," (Maps, Routes and Distance)	2c

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD COMPANY.

H. M. SMITH, Traffic Manager. H. E. FULLERTON, Spec. Agt., Pass. Dept.

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK.

FREE WINCHESTER SHOTGUNS

Our 160 page illustrated catalogue.

FREE WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

180 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Factory loaded shotgun shells, "NEW RIVAL," "LEADER," and "REPEATER." A trial will prove their superiority.

DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA

(Teething Powders) Allays Irritation, Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child, Makes Teething Easy. TEETHINA Relieves the Bowel Troubles of Children of ANY AGE.

Costs only 25 cents at Druggists, Or mail 25 cents to C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SEND 47 cts.

Now 15 cts. and 10 cts. per box. Best grade at half price.

SPECIAL OFFER: Cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you this Virgin Outfit by Express, C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine it at your express office and if not exactly as represented, and the most wonderful bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent our \$2.00 and we will refund you the balance of the \$2.00 and send you a Virgin Outfit, highly polished, powerful and light in tone, complete with the best instructions books ever issued. Write for manual instrument and organ and a list of prices. Write to M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

BUY A DOUBLE BARREL BREECH LOADING \$15 SHOT GUN for \$7.77.

NEW WINCHESTER RIFLES, \$3.07. NEW BREECH LOADING SHOT GUNS, \$4.47. NEW WINCHESTER SHOT GUNS, \$18.97.

Winchester and U. S. C. Loaded Shells, \$1.17 per 100. Nitro Powder Loaded Shells, \$1.77 per 100.

Be sent postage paid on receipt of three cents to any returning this ad. and mentioning this ad. and mentioning this ad. We sell more Sporting Goods than any OTHER HOUSE IN THE WORLD. Tents, Hunting Coats, Hats, Caps, Belts, Boots, Shell Boxes, Dog Whips, Collars, and all the things you need for your sports. Write for our catalogue.

T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE, 717-721 Nicollet Avenue, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Personally Conducted Ideal EXCURSION

Thursday, August 9,

NIAGARA FALLS

AND RETURN, With 12 Days Limit For Return.

\$7.00 FROM Indianapolis
\$7.00 FROM Cincinnati..
\$6.50 FROM Dayton.....

Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. AND THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL,

—THROUGH THE—

Most Beautiful Part of Canada.

\$6.50 Additional to Thousand Islands. \$1.00 Additional to Toronto.

Equally low rates from all tributary points. Agents of all connecting lines sell tickets for this excursion. Descriptive leaflet, giving full particulars, mailed free. Apply to any agent of the C. H. & D. Ry., or address,

D. G. EDWARDS, Pass. Traffic Manager, Cincinnati, O.

Meals at Reasonable Prices En Route to Texas

In going to Texas, via Memphis and the Cotton Belt, you can ride all day in a Parlor Cafe Car for only 50 cents extra (25 cents for a half day).

You can have your meals at any hour you want them, order anything you want, from a spring chicken or a porterhouse steak to a sandwich, take as long as you please to eat it, and you will only have to pay for what you order.

The Cotton Belt offers you the quickest and shortest route to Texas, without change of cars or ferry transfer. Both day and night trains are equipped with comfortable coaches and free Reclining Chair Cars, also Parlor Cafe Cars by day and Pullman Sleepers at night.

Write and tell us where you are going and when you will leave and we will tell you what your ticket will cost and what train to take to make the best time and connections. We will also send you an interesting little booklet, "A Trip to Texas."

FRED. H. JONES, D.P.A., Memphis, Tenn. W. C. PEELE, T.P.A., Memphis, Tenn. W. G. ADAMS, T.P.A., Nashville, Tenn.

F. E. WYATT, T. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio. H. E. SUTTON, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

E. W. LaBEAUME, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

CHICAGO to OMAHA

Double Daily Service

New line via Rockford, Dubuque, Waterloo, Fort Dodge and Council Bluffs. Buffet-Library-smoking cars, sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars, dining cars. Send to the undersigned for a free copy of Pictures and Notes En Route illustrating this new line as seen from the car window. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.

MONEY FOR SOLDIERS' HEIRS

Heirs of Union Soldiers who made homesteads of less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874 (no matter if abandoned), if the additional homestead right was not sold or used, should address, with full particulars, HENRY B. COFF, Washington, D. C.

FISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A. N. K.—E 1823

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

What Your Child May Get From Berea College.

As we explained last week Berea College is a gift to the people, placed in the care of Trustees who are to manage it for the benefit of the people in the ways laid down in the Constitution.

The trustees are bound to use the property placed in their hands for just one purpose—*Christian Education*.

The object of Berea College is not to provide work for people, nor to lend money, not anything else except the one thing—to help fathers and mothers get the best education for their children. And we believe that this is the greatest benefit that could possibly be given. It is better than if the college could give a cow to every girl and a span of mules to every boy!

If the boy and girl are rightly educated they can get cows and mules for themselves, and will know how to take care of them, and how to get the good things in life, and be useful and honored citizens. The education that Berea brings will enable the young people of Kentucky and surrounding states to develop the resources of their beautiful country, and spread prosperity through all the churches and homes of a wide region.

There are some things that every young man or young lady who attends Berea will be sure to get. Each one will learn what education means. He will see a real library, and a great deal of scientific apparatus, and will begin to know what science and knowledge there is in the world. This he could never know at any of the little one-horse schools near his home. And each one will get some instruction in singing, and in the use of tools, and in keeping accounts. Best of all each one will learn how to behave in good society, how to meet people, and will have the inspiring companionship of Christian young people and Christian teachers. They will thus get habits of good behavior that will help them all their lives.

Many of the students at Berea are in what are called the "Model Schools." These schools are more advanced than some so-called colleges, but they are really fitting young people to teach, or to begin some of the advanced courses. There are one to three teachers in each grade, so that the work is sure to be thorough and rapid.

A Choice between Three Courses.

First, the Applied Science Course. This course occupies only two years, and is the best course for most young people. It contains the most practical sciences; and the history and other studies that make good citizens.

For the young men in this course there are studies in use of tools; Botany, which means the growth of plants; Gardening, Care of Stock, Farm Management, and other things that make successful farmers.

For the young women there are courses in Sewing, Dress-making, Gardening, Cooking, Care of the Sick, and other things that make a good house-keeper.

Every family ought to have at least one son or daughter taking this course in Applied Science.

Second, the Normal Course. This course occupies three years, and fits young people to be teachers. The training in this course is simply fine. No other school within hundreds of miles provides the practice teaching, college lectures, and other advantages here offered. In many counties all the highest certificates are held by Berea students, and students who have not yet graduated; but only had a part of this Normal Course.

The studies of this course, for those who teach in the fall is as follows:

FIRST.
FALL. Teaching in Public Schools.
WINTER. Arithmetic I, II, 5; English, 5; Theory and U. S. History, 5; Geography, 3.
SPRING. Arithmetic I, II, 5; Grammar, 5; Civics, 3; Reviews, 2; Physiology, 3.
SECOND.
FALL. Teaching in Public Schools.
WINTER. Algebra I, 5; Physical Geography, 5; Higher Arithmetic, 3; Practice, 5; Music, 2.
SPRING. Algebra I, 5; Botany, 1; 5; Higher Arithmetic, 5; Practice, 5; Music, 2.
THIRD.
FALL. Teaching in Public Schools.
WINTER. English Literature VI, 5; History I, 5; Theory and Reviews, 5; History of Education, 3.
SPRING. Psychology (Ed. V), 5; History II, 5; Word Study, 3; Reviews, 2; School Administration, 3.

Third, the Academy and College Courses. These are for young people who wish to secure a really thorough education, and who have the brain, the purpose, and the time to get the best. In the most prosperous and advanced parts of the world it is not thought that anyone ought to undertake to be a doctor, a lawyer, or a preacher without taking time to find out what other men have learned, and preparing himself by a sufficient course of study. Berea College is one of the very few real colleges in the South. Those who have graduated from the College Course at Berea can take their places among educated people in any part of the world.

Every family within five hundred miles of Berea ought to have at least one child in some department of this great school. Next week shall say something about the expense of attending Berea.

Correspondence

Jackson County.

Drip Rock.

The wife of Daniel Miller died on the 24th inst.

Rev. R. G. Murray preached for us last week. Rev. James W. Parsons will preach for us on the 1st Saturday and Sunday in August.

Prof. and Mrs. Raymond visited the Teachers Institute and contributed very largely to its success. They have many friends in Jackson.

Messrs. Charley and D. M. Click, S. R. Ballard are spending a few days at H. H. Fowler's and are catching a fine lot of fish out of South Fork.

Tutor Todd's Scientific Lecture was the most important feature of the Institute at McKee this year. Any who failed to attend lost a very rare chance to learn and enjoy.

No one knows the unbearable torture, the peculiar and agonizing pain, caused by Piles, unless they have suffered from them. Many believe them incurable. This is a mistake. Proper treatment will cure them. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is an infallible cure. Price 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Clay County.

Bright Shade.

Corn crops look exceedingly well in this vicinity.

Joseph Lifford is putting up a full line of goods at the mouth of Bear Creek.

Letcher Sizemore, Jr. visited the Mamera Baptist school at the mouth of Redbird.

Letcher Sizemore, Sr. is going into the logging business in Leslie Co. on an extensive scale.

Wm. Wolf who is teaching the Indian Grave school visited Arthur Sizemore last Sunday.

Our school on Bear creek has commenced with a promising success under the supervision of Simon Delph of Pineville.

Rev. Noah Smith of Bell Co. is holding a protracted meeting at Skidmore. Nineteen have joined and have been baptized.

Ballard's Snow Liniment gives instant relief in cases of Bleeding, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Cuts, etc. Price 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Madison County.

Wallacetown.

Mrs. Fannie Baker has been ill for a few days past.

Mrs. H. C. Wylie has been on the sick list this week.

Rev. Howes, aided by Rev. Smith, of Berea began a series of meetings at the M. E. Church last Friday.

E. W. Baker, T. P. Wyatt, E. B. Wallace, Allen Wallace and Kate Wylie attended quarterly meeting at College Hill Saturday and Sunday.

Panola.

J. P. Logsdon shipped a car load of lambs Saturday.

Solomon Tipton and wife visited friends here last week.

J. B. Ledford & Co. shipped five car loads of logs this week.

John Pearson and Butler Mize went to Richmond Saturday.

George Baker and wife visited his sister, Mrs. Milton Owens Thursday.

Mrs. English of Nicholasville is visiting her sister Mrs. John Ledford.

There's no need to go to the PARIS EXPO.

You'll find every thing and no Big Pond to fear.

LEXINGTON HORSE SHOW, FAIR AND CARNIVAL

August 1900--13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18--1900

\$30,000—PURSE—\$30,000

Live Stock, Trotting, Pacing, Running, Mule Races.

Free Attractions.

THE HUNGARIAN BOYS' MILITARY BAND.

25—Fine Lads direct from Hungary in Daily Concerts—35.

THE WERTZ FAMILY.

6—MEMBERS—6

Aerialists Supreme.

These celebrated families will give FREE PERFORMANCES each day in front of the grand stand.

THE DILLWORTH FAMILY.

8—MEMBERS—8

Unrivaled Acrobats.

THE ARCADIAN VILLA

Will include the most gorgeous, extensive and attractive array of amusement features, the best and highest priced artists and the grandest aggregation of Oriental and modern novelty features ever congregated under one management. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT.

Excursion rates on all railroads. See posters and small hand bills.

Ryburn Thomas has had a nice new sign painted on his store the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Owens visited Mrs. Coyle near Alcorn in Jackson county Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Pearson of Brassfield visited their son-in-law, J. T. Owens Thursday.

The rains of the past week have saved the corn and other crops, which were nearly ruined by dry weather.

Rev. Koker preached at Panola Baptist church on Saturday and at Thomas schoolhouse Sunday night.

Owsley County.

Booneville.

There are a number of cases of flux reported in this county.

Debora Wilson, wife of Alfred Wilson of Meadow Creek, died on last Sunday.

The free school at Booneville will commence about August 13 with Ed Needham teacher.

James Young, Owsley's agent for The CITIZEN, paid Meadow Creek a visit a few days ago.

Plenty of rain now in this part of the county which is helping corn and gardens very much.

R. G. Rose has just returned from a visit to Clark county where he has been to visit his brother.

The great Olympia show was exhibited here on last Monday with a balloon ascension at its close.

The colored school of this county is needing a teacher very bad. We hope that Berea will send us one forthwith.

James Carpenter of Clover Bottom passed through here a few days ago enroute to Jackson and other parts of Breathitt county.

Gabbard.

Mrs. H. C. Gabbard is still on the sick list.

Born to the wife of Grant Gabbard, a fine girl.

Several of the boys are working at railroad ties.

A. J. Edwards left Thursday for Turkey Gap.

Mrs. Lucy Caliban was on the sick list last week.

Merideth Gabbard went to Booneville Saturday on business.

Price and Lewis Moore went to Sturgeon Saturday on business.

Albert Gabbard returned home from South Booneville Saturday.

Several of the log men have gone down the river with their timber.

Steven Gabbard visited his brother Taylor's school at this place Friday.

Michael Gabbard, of Eversole, visited friends and relatives here Saturday.

W. B. Gabbard and daughter visited relatives on Meadow Creek last week.

James Duff and brothers, from Perry county, are visiting here this week.

J. L. Gabbard has been doing some carpenter work for Alfred Bolin this week.

Merideth Reynolds, of Eversole, visited relatives here Friday and Saturday.

Samuel Cole and wife visited Rev. C. Roberts and family Saturday and Sunday.

Alex Caudell and son visited his father on Meadow Creek Saturday and Sunday.

P. H. Gabbard, of this place, and Miss Lulu Woods, of Island Creek, were married last week.

There was preaching at the Grassy Branch school house Sunday by Rev. Lewis Candell and others.

Willie Gibson passed through here Friday on his way home from Buffalo, where he is teaching this year.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE U. PUTNAM, Teacher in Berea College.

An Unprofitable Vacation.

Horace Greely once said: "The word 'rest' is not in my vocabulary; and he died a worn-out man."

There are many men and women who are unwise enough to regard rest as a mere loss of time, and boast that they are never idle even when "on a vacation."

"I tell you I put in my time well when we were in the country last summer," said a nervous, restless little woman to a neighbor. "We were there but four weeks, and I didn't lazy around as some of the other boarders did."

"I made up two winter dresses for my little girl, and made over a dress for myself, made a cloak for my baby, and canned sixty jars of fruit, for berries of all kinds were so much cheaper and better there than they are here in the city, and the farmer's wife let me use her kitchen at night when she was done with it."

"Then I made two gallons of sweet pickles and a gallon of watermelon preserves."

"How some folks can sit or lie around reading or just resting for four or five weeks at a time is a mystery to me."

But there was no mystery about it when this over-industrious mother took to her bed with nervous prostration that made her helpless all winter.

"You would have been spared all this had you, too, 'simply rested' when you were away for that purpose last year," said the worn-out woman's physician. She had learned, as others have learned, too late that "Rest is God's medicine."

Boys.

Now, if any one has an easy time in this world of push and pull, it is not the boy of the family.

For his hands are always full. I'd like to ask who fills the stove?

Where is the girl that could? Who brings in water, who lights the fire, and splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks, after hours of snowing?

In summer who keeps down the weeds by diligently hoeing?

And who must harness the faithful horse, when the girls would ride about?

And who must clean the carriage? The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things too numerous to mention?

The boy is the "general utility man," and really deserves a pension!

Friends, just praise this boy sometimes, when he does his very best;

And don't always want the easy chair when he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last to see the new magazine;

And sometimes let the boy be heard, as well as to be seen.

That boys are far from perfect, is understood by all;

But they have hearts, remember, for "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working his level best for days,

It does him good, I tell you, to have some hearty praise.

He's not merely a combination of muddy boots and noise,

And he likes to be looked upon as one of the family joys.

—The Gen.

Herbina is well adapted to the cure of fevers of all kinds, because it thoroughly cleanses the stomach and bowels of all bilious humors, and expels all impure secretions of the body. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

THE SCHOOL.

A Letter From Sile.

Dear CITIZEN:

Bud Garrett was 'lected school trustee in our district this spring. I never voted for him, for I thought he might be crooked. Still I didn't quite 'low he'd go and do what he did. He an' Dick Hardy combined an' elected Tom Hardy, Dick's cousin, for teacher, when everybody knows he bets on horse races, an' chaws tobacco, an' spits all over the floor, an' never kept a school in his life, an' when he come home with his second-class certificate never made it no secret as to how he had to cheat the examiners to get even that good a one.

So when I met Bud Garrett last Saturday, I just tackled him fair and square. "Bud," says I, "I want to talk to you."

"Well, Sile Shingles," says he, "thar's plenty o' room out doors here for you to work your mouth. So go ahead!"

"Well then," says I, "Bud Garrett, I hear you voted for Tom Hardy, an' helped elect him for our teacher."

"You heard the truth for once, Sile," says he.

"An' what's worse," says I, "I've heard tell, an' mighty straight, too, as how Tom has give you \$25 in money an' promises for a puttin' him into the school. What about that, now?"

"Can't nobody prove that I took none of his money," says Bud. "Besides, even if I did, 'twas his money, wasn't it? An' he could give it to any feller he wanted to."

"Hold on, Bud," says I, "no use tryin' to dodge the question. You took the money, an' hit's a bribe, an' you're guilty before the law. But that's not the worst of it, for it was really sellin' your own children! I reckon you think you love your little uns, don't you?"

"Think! No think about it! Of course I love 'em!"

"An' yet here you are a sellin' 'em," says I.

"Sellin' 'em the nothin'!" says Bud.

"What do you mean, anyhow?"

"I mean," says I, "that you always sends your children to school, as a good man should, but here you are a takin' money from a no count feller to give him the privilege of standin' in the place of a parent to your children six hours o' their waking sixteen. That's what a teacher does."

Says I, "It's true in law an' it's true in fact. He has the right to punish your children, an' to give 'em fatherly advice, an' to teach 'em things that'll stay by 'em all their lives. Why, it's a solemn thing," says I, "to deliver your little ones over to a good teacher, but to just sell 'em to a no count one,—the good Lord have pity on you!"

An' Bud, he sorter swore in be tween his teeth, but I went on: "Here's another thing about it, Bud. You've done me a personal wrong. For I'll send my children to good teachers, an' to good teachers only. So this year I've got to send 'em clean to the next district, an' pay tuition on 'em, an' loose the use o' the old red mare on the farm, just a workin' one horse so's they can ride the other to an' from the school. Any man what'll abuse a public office like you've done, Bud Garrett, will never get the second chance,—not if the good people that vote wake up an' do their duty. Good-bye, Bud," says I.

"Good-bye, Sile, an' keep your mouth shut!" says he.

But I ain't a keepin' it shut, am I, Mr. CITIZEN?

Yours truthfully,

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THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

A Little Farm Well Drained.

Farmers in America are likely to over estimate the importance of broad acres, and measure their wealth by the size of their farms. In cutting farms out of forests, the larger the clearing the greater was the opportunity; and in conquering the prairies the chances of profit were measured by the size of the breaking.

Added to this natural need of space there has always been the feeling that land itself will pay for keeping in the progress of settlement. This accounts for the fact that an average farm in the United States is still more than 130 acres with less than three fifths of it tilled. The majority of farmers are "land poor," unable to use to good advantage the acres they hold.

It is worth while to know that in a large part of the world, the small farms are the thrifty homes of the people. Four fifths of Bavaria, Belgium and Switzerland are in farms of less than twelve acres. The rich Isle of Jersey is so divided that an average farm is eight acres. One third of France is farmed by owners of seven and one half acres. Prussia has 900,000 farms of less than four acres. The productiveness of these small farms shows the truth of Ben Franklin's maxim "The best manure for the farm is the foot of its owner."

But there are special reasons for the thrift on small farms, growing out of the close attention possible over the small space, and worthy the study of all farmers.

The small farmer cannot, of course, use the great labor saving machines which are applied to corn raising and wheat-raising on thousand acre farms, but he can use his own ingenuity to every day advantage in a hundred ways. He can know every foot of soil on his farm, and adapt his crops and methods to its use. He can select the sandy spots for his early crops and the heavier soil for later use. He can afford to make the muck pit furnish manure for the knolls. He can supply the vacancies in his cornfield from poor seed or bad weather with cabbage plants or turnips. He is invited to diligence every day by having both the crops and the weeds under his eye. He knows that every stroke and every thought counts, for he sees its effect.

Few large farmers, however hard they work, are able to use to advantage all their time on the large undertakings, and do not easily turn their thoughts to smaller things. Men on the great wheat farms about condense a year's work into about three months, and wait for the crop all the rest of the year.

Small farmers are likely to plan such a succession of crops as to use both the land and their time to advantage throughout the year. Early potatoes will be marketed in time to give a crop of turnips on the same land, and keep all hands busy.

But among the chief economies is the saving of small wastes, which may make all the difference between thrift and failure. On the small farm every fence corner counts; on the larger farm there are too many corners to be counted. The hens of the small farmer get the droppings and the scatterings; the large farmer feeds flocks of birds and vermin. The small farm finds a market for its small products; not a peck or a pound is left to waste or decay. The large farmer cannot bother with pecks or pounds and they rot.

The chief advantage of the small farmer is in finding regular customers who expect him to supply their wants in certain definite lines, and enjoy paying a fair price for fresh eggs, butter, vegetables and fruits without bickering. These conditions furnish the best incentive to honest work and a noble life on the farm. G. T. F.



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